

Newport

ESTABLISHED JUNE 12, 1758.



Mercury.

NEWPORT, R. I., SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 10, 1852.

Page XL.

POETRY.

RAIN ON THE ROOF.
Over all the starry spheres,
of the melancholy darkness
Gently weeps in rainy tears,
is a joy to press the pillow
Of a cottage chamber bed,
and to listen to the patter
Of the soft rain overhead.

very tickle on the shingles
Has an echo in the heart,
and a thousand dreary fancies
Into busy being start;
and a thousand recollections
Weave their bright hues into woof,
is I listen to the patter
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother,
As she used to years ago,
To survey the infant sleepers
Ere she left them till the dawn.

I can see her bending o'er me,

As I listen to the strain

Which is played upon the shingles

By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,
With her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed cherub brother,
A serene angelic pair,

Glide around my wakeful pillow

With their praise or mild reproach,

As I listen to the murmur

Of the soft rain on the roof.

And another comes to thrill me
With her eyes' delicious blue;

I forgot, as gazing on her,

That her heart was all untrue;

I remember that I loved her,

As I ne'er may love again,

And my heart's quick pulses vibrate

To the patter of the rain.

There is nought in art's bravuras

That can work with such a spell,

In the spirit's pure, deep fountain,

Whence the holy passions swell,

That melody of nature—

That subdued, subduing strain,

Which is played upon the shingles

By the patter of the rain.

AGRICULTURE.

JAXIMS FOR FARMERS.—Do not sow your grain or cultivate your crop in any particular manner because your father did so—may have followed in the footsteps of your grandfather, and agriculture was not well understood then, as now. "Prove these things, and hold fast to that which good." If not, reject it, and try some other plan. Nothing of importance was yet gained without some risk. Experiment is the mother of science.

One acre well cultivated will produce more than two only scratched at, and with less trouble. What is worth doing at, is worth doing well.

Never sow your grain until the ground is well prepared, just because your neighbor is commencing sowing his. Prepare your land, and the battle is half won.

Do not have a superabundance of farming implements; but let what you have be the best kind, and keep them well sharpened. A sharp knife will cut twice as fast as a dull one and do much better.

When you build, have an eye to the convenience, but do not altogether lose sight of beauty. Nothing improves the look of the farm more than buildings neatly arranged and well put up, and the cost is very little more.

When you make a fence, make a good one. It may cost more at first, but will last less in the end.

Never plough in wet weather, if you can avoid it. Besides doing injury to the crop, impoverishes the soil. It will not rain always.

PLAIN FACTS FOR PLAIN FARMERS.—Farmers are often complaining of the burdens of high taxes that weigh them down. But it is a notorious fact that ninety-nine hundredths of our farmers lose and waste more valuable manures on their premises, annually, than would pay all their taxes for five years.

We think we hear some of our farmers say that we are mistaken, because they keep their straw and their cattle in a yard and make two or three hundred loads of manure in a year. True, but they lose forty per cent of this very manure by improper management of it. Generally it lies on a steep side hill below their back barns, with all the water from the barn running through it for nine months, washing out twenty per cent, of its value, and carrying it into the nearest run or creek, and then they haul it into their fields in August, and spread it out for two or three weeks, on the top of the ground, allowing the sun to evaporate twenty per cent, more of its valuable properties, before it is plowed under ground, where it ought to have been before it was ever permitted to become dry. Here is the forty per cent, gone at two operations. Now three hundred loads of manure are worth five hundred dollars to the field. Forty per cent off of this is two hundred dollars loss.

SILENTED TALE.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

BY AN OLD SALT.

I am no romancer. The experience of my life has well taught me that "truth is stranger than fiction." The incidents detailed below are literally true. I am personally acquainted with the hero of the story, who has, since the occurrence related, commanded a vessel out of one of our neighboring ports. I happened to be at Havana at the time of his imprisonment, and was lying in the harbor when he made his escape. I was also with him in the Fox privateer of Portsmouth, N. H., during the last war with England, and have had long conversation with him in relation to the affair. And although the story may appear incredible, and a romance, yet it is strictly true.

In the year 1809, a brig commanded by a man by the name of Smith, sailed from a port in Massachusetts for Kingston, Jamaica, with a cargo of lumber. At this place she discharged, and took in Nicaragua wood for ballast, and proceeded to Havana, it being then contrary to law to take cargoes from an English Island. The brig arrived at Havana in the month of February, 1810, where she commenced loading with logwood from a Spanish ship which laid along side. After a while, the Spanish Captain and the American mate, whose name was White, became very intimate and friendly, so much so that Capt. Smith became jealous of their acquaintance, and by a number of petty devices sought to break it up, but without success. Capt. Smith was what is generally called a clever man, when not under the influence of liquor—but when he was, all went wrong, and at such times he took particular pains to quarrel with the mate. This state of affairs continued for some time, until his abuse being too outrageous for the mate to put up with, he asked for his discharge. To this the Captain would not consent, but told him he would pay him his wages if he would leave the vessel. The mate acceded to the proposition—received the wages, and went on shore, accompanied by the Spanish Captain, whose name was Estefano.

There was a physician at Havana, a native of Massachusetts and an acquaintance of the mate's, with whom he took lodgings until he could get a voyage. The Dr. and White frequently visited a billiard room and had a game together, where they were often joined by Estefano. One night White and the Spanish Captain were playing for money. The stakes were quite small at first; but soon getting heated with wine and the excitement of the game, Estefano proposed to play higher—and at last threw down a doublet, insisting upon his antagonist covering it. White objected for a while, but Estefano urged him so strongly, that he met the stake. The game was played—and to his chagrin, the Spaniard lost. He was greatly enraged at the result of the game, and was all for fight. To avoid a squabble, White agreed to play one game more for two doublets, declaring that he consented to do it merely to give his opponent a chance to get his money back; and that, lose or win, he would not play another game. The conditions were agreed to, and the game commenced. For a while the Spaniard had evidently the advantage, and the probabilities were greatly in his favor, but by a masterly stroke White turned the tables and won the game. The fury of the Spaniard was unbounded. He raved and swore as a Spaniard only can rave and swear—declared the stroke was unfair, and ended by striking White a severe blow, which he as promptly returned with the cue which he held in his hand, causing the Spaniard to measure his length on the floor. Several of the bystanders interfered and peace was restored. Shortly after this the Spaniard left the room. In the course of an hour or so, it being almost midnight, the Dr. and White started for home. They had arrived within a few yards of the house, when they were met by three men armed with swords, who immediately began an attack upon White. Being unarmed, and taken unawares, he would instantly have fallen a victim had not his friend interfered, and with a heavy cane, which he fortunately had with him, disarmed one of the assailants, who dropped his sword, which White hastily picked up and ran his antagonist, who pressed upon him the hardest, through the body. It proved to be Estefano, the Spanish Captain. Seeing one of their number fall, the other two took to their heels. The doctor and White also quit the place and arrived safely at their lodgings, leaving the wounded Spaniard to the care of some stragglers who had been attracted to the spot by the struggle.

The next morning White and the doctor were arrested and put in jail. Shortly after, an examination took place before a magistrate, the result of which was, White was convicted and the doctor acquitted.—Strange as it may appear, the mate was convicted by the testimony of the two accomplices who attempted his life! The Spaniard, Estefano, lived three days after the affray, and was honest enough to state the whole circumstances of the case, acknowledging that White ran him through in defense of his own life, which he and the other two had determined to take.—These facts were all preserved by the doctor for the final trial, not that they were sufficient to clear his friend. The trial was put off from time to time, and it was three months before it came on. It came at last, and White was arraigned. He had no counsel—no friend but the doctor.—Here he was at the mercy of a Spanish Court, whose most tender mercy is cruelty. An English merchant, who had heard of the case, and who commiserated the isolated condition of poor White, volunteered to defend him.

Objections were made by the Court to the testimony of the doctor, but the Englishman strenuously insisted that his evidence should be allowed. After a long and heated debate, and with the aid of gold—the most persuasive of all arguments—the doctor was permitted to give in his testimony. In a clear and lucid manner, he related the circumstances of the case—stated that the Spaniard gave the first blow in the billiard room—that Estefano with two others attacked the prisoner on his way to his lodgings, and that it was by mere chance of White's getting possession of one of the weapons that he was not murdered. The confession of the Spaniard duly attested to, was presented, but all was in vain. Plain as was the case, the Court condemned the mate to eight years imprisonment in the Moro Castle.

It was on the 15th of May that White was placed in the dungeon of the Moro.—His cell although not entirely dark, was dismal enough, being forty or fifty feet below the fort. Above this dungeon stands a strong fort, called "Moro Castle," which is situated on a point that makes the eastern side of the entrance of the port of Havana—Punta making the western side, also a strong fort. The entrance is quite narrow, not more than half a mile wide, with deep water. The Moro is a huge rock, perpendicular on the harbor side, and nearly so on the side facing the sea. The water is so bold at its base, that vessels of the largest burthen can approach within a few feet of the rocks. The rock runs up almost sheer about sixty feet to its summit.—In the belly of this rock, nearly on a level with the sea, was confined the unfortunate mate. Not a ray of light nor a breath of air could reach him, save what came through small holes in the side of the cliff. He had no clothes except a pair of duck trousers, his provisions were served out to him once a day, and consisted of boiled bullock's heads and corn, with a jug of water. In this dark and gloomy cell he was to remain for eight long years—buried alive—with nothing to do—nothing to think of but his bitter fate. Dreary as was the prospects before him—so dreary at times when he thought of his far away home, that he would gladly have welcomed death.

A fact which soon after came to his knowledge, added a ten-fold gloom to the horror of his situation. It was this:—In the same dungeon with White, was a man who had been there eighteen years, whose sole crime was the smuggling of tobacco. He had been put there for one year, at the expiration of which he had probably been forgotten. He could not make his case known, and for eighteen dreary years he had been incarcerated there, hoping for release, until hope itself had expired—and there he expected to end his days. He had almost lost the power of speech, and appeared at times to be deranged. He had not been shaved and perhaps not washed since his imprisonment; and in this dismal rock, filthy and spiritbroken; suffering the greatest cruelty—with no one to see to his liberation, forgotten probably by every living being, save his keeper—his only crime the petty one of smuggling perhaps a few pounds of tobacco—here was the poor wretch doomed to linger until death brought him relief. The thought that such might be his fate, at times almost drove White to despair. Indeed, it was enough to shake the firmest nerve.

On entering his dismal abode, the mate was confined with irons on his hands and feet; but he was told they should be taken off at the end of the first year. Fettered thus, he lived on from day to day, expecting every moment to be set at liberty through the intercession of the American

Government, as his friend the doctor had promised to make a proper representation of his case to the United States authorities and use all his endeavors to get him free. Alas little had he to hope from that quarter, although he knew it not. A deeper pang would have rent his heart, had he learned the melancholy tidings of the death of his friend, which took place a few days after his imprisonment. Now he was from him—thinking perhaps that he was forgotten—feeling that he could not survive the term of his sentence—he began to think over a plan of escape. He calmly reviewed his situation, and a thousand projects suggested themselves, not one of which seemed practicable. Often his mind was worked up to the highest pitch of desperation, at which times he would resolve to rush upon his keeper and obtain his liberty or end his misery by provoking the guard to dispatch him—when lo! he would feel the shackles on his hands and feet, and his powerless state becomes fully apparent to him.

"Oh, if I could only free myself of these irons," he would exclaim, "I would die or free."

He would often examine the shackles and bolts, but they appeared too strong to be broken. There was a fore-lock in one end of the bolts, which were driven through and twisted, the other end being headed. At times he indulged the hope that his hands and feet would become so emaciated that he could pull them through the shackles—but then he thought by that time his strength would be so reduced that he could effect nothing.

He had been pondering one day over the changes that had presented themselves to his mind—weighing this and balancing that—when he said to himself, "This is thinking without acting, this will never do; if I am to accomplish anything, I must make a beginning" and starting to his feet, he went to the side of the dungeon and groped his way, feeling at the same time along the rough wall, he at last found a crevice in the rock. With much difficulty, and after repeated trials, he succeeded in entering the point of the fore-lock a little into the opening and giving it a twist, to his great joy he had straightened it considerably. With renewed vigor he continued his work, until success crowned his labors—the fore-lock was out of the bolt and his hands were free!

This he looked upon as one step accomplished; the freedom of his hands was a great relief to him, and he had the use of them all the time, save when the man brought him his meat and water; and as he always came at stated time, (about half an hour after sunset,) he was in no danger of being caught with his irons off. He now began to work on the forelock of his feet irons, and with the aid of the hand shackles and bolts, he at last succeeded in freeing himself entirely from his fetters.

He had as yet no fixed plan of escape, and he now waited, hoping and fearing, one moment adopting a method by which he thought he might succeed—the next abandoning it as altogether infeasible.—Small indeed was his chance of escape—it was a thousand to one against him. There was the man who brought him his food—his especial keeper—to be got rid of—and then there were the guard in the fort to be eluded—and after this the rock to be cleared. The undertaking was desperate, so desperate that one might indeed quail in prospect of it. But the desire for liberty was strong within the heart of the prisoner and to secure it he was willing to brave death in its worst form—for without liberty, he felt that life was poor and valueless.

Nerving his soul for the task, he whispered to him an assurance of success.—He felt with the poet—

"What art thou?—what a thousand slaves Match'd to the sinewy strength of a single arm That strikes like lightning!"

After adopting and rejecting many plans White came to the conclusion at last to kill his keeper who brought him his food, rush to the top of the Moro and leave the rest to fate. He waited, agitated and impatient for the appointed hour. The time flew swiftly by, and at his usual hour the man entered the dungeon with the daily supply of food—little dreaming of the danger that threatened him. As he deposited the articles within the prisoner's reach, White looked at him steadfastly for a moment and strove to steel his heart to the pleadings of humanity. But no—he could not do it—he could not find it in him to kill the poor creature—the thought made him shudder, and this time he suffered him to depart. "To-morrow night I will do it," thought White—"but not to-night—not to-night."

To-morrow night came—and again the courage of the prisoner failed him—rather his feelings of humanity triumphed—he

could not nerve his arm to strike the blow. "Would to heaven there was any other alternative!" thought he, as the doomed keeper, unconscious of his peril, slowly turned and left the dungeon—"would that this man, who has never injured me—against whom I have not the slightest ill-will—might be saved!" His very soul recoiled at the idea of striking him down and murdering him in cold blood. But he felt it must be done if he would escape a thrall worse than death, the man stood in his way, and must be removed, although he cursed the necessity which imposed the fearful deed upon him.

He looked wildly around. He saw one of the soldiers preparing to fire upon him—there was no time to be lost. Concentrating all his energies, and commanding his soul to his maker, he leaped from the cliff! Not a moment too soon, for the ball of the sentinel whistled over his head, as like an arrow he shot downward. Down, down he went; his feet pressed together, and his arms glued to his sides. He struck fairly, and cutting the water like a harpoon, he sunk far beneath the surface. Consciousness for awhile deserted him, but as he arose from his plunge and found himself unhurt, he struck out for the cliff, and swimming alongside, he clung to the rocks, thanking God who had preserved him so miraculously.

Nearly all that night the prisoner paced the narrow limits of his cell. Thought was too busy for sleep. If he closed his eyes for a moment, fancy floated in deeds of blood and violence, and he found no rest. At times he imagined the terrible task was accomplished—the fatal blow given—and stark and ghastly the door keeper was stretched out before him dead!—the immortal spirit quenched by his hand—the stony eye glaring upon him reproachfully, and the pale, blue lips whispering "murder" in his ears. At such times he would start from his troubled sleep with the cold sweat streaming from every pore, and a convulsive throbbing of the heart. Thus passed the night.

The day brought no relief. He brooded on the terrible task before him. If he succeeded in overpowering the keeper, but one slight obstacle was removed. He was altogether ignorant of the difficulties to be overcome after he left the dungeon; all he knew was that his chance was small—that a bare possibility remained to him of escape. "Well, be it so," thought he, "helter death than this lingering existence!"

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He reached the platform nearly at the top. A sentinel was stationed there, who, thinking that White was the keeper returning from a visit to the prisoner, stood quite at ease. As the light faded away, White relieved himself from his irons, and stood trembling awaiting the night's visit of the man. He heard him descending the steps—every foot-fall smote his heart. Slowly he came, carelessly humming a Spanish air—his death song. He entered the cell—White grasped off the foot-shackles. The man stooped to set down the food and water which he bore, when White sprang up and with one blow of the bolt stretched him on the solid floor. The fearful drama had commenced. Without stopping to look upon his victim, he rushed up the long flight of stairs still grasping the fatal bolt. He reached a platform nearly at the top. A sentinel was stationed there, who, thinking that White was the keeper returning from a visit to the prisoner, stood quite at ease. As the light faded away, White relieved himself from his irons, and stood trembling awaiting the night's visit of the man. He heard him descending the steps—every foot-fall smote his heart. Slowly he came, carelessly humming a Spanish air—his death song. He entered the cell—White grasped off the foot-shackles. The man stooped to set down the food and water which he bore, when White sprang up and with one blow of the bolt stretched him on the solid floor.

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R. B. FORBES, Esq., of Boston, in a communication published in the *Journal*, urges the establishment of a "Naval School", for the rearing of American seamen for the merchant service. He justly complains of the inefficiency of the seamen in our ports, and the impositions practiced in palming off newly arrived emigrants as able-bodied seamen, to the detriment of the service and dishonor of the country. The greater number of our seamen are foreigners, and many of these hardly know a word of English. They are shipped at low wages and the officers of the ship must get along with them the best way they can. There is at present a great want of good mates and seamen. To get these we must raise up a class of American sailors. These we must give a good practical education, and when they ship, every comfort should be provided for Jack, so that he may follow his calling cheerfully and to the honor of himself and country.

The following is a part of the plan for the proposed school:

I would not permit these schools to be useless in embankments in our harbors, they should be lightly rigged and in every way able to proceed at least as far as the roads occasionally, particularly in summer, both for the exercise and health of the boys, they should be capable of receiving on storage various cheap articles of cargo, as salt and coal, and thus not only pay part of their necessarily large expenses, but give their crews an opportunity of doing every kind of duty usually done on ship board in port, as well as in delivering cargo, grubbing under way, mooring, and the like. I would have them, rough and ready, assisting vessels sailing and coming to port, and a thousand other duties and recreations, which, at certain hours of the day would furnish that kind of experience which would make the "*Mercantile Naval School*" boys of some use besides "keeping the bread moulding." I would arrange all the duties, and even the fare, so as to accustom the young men to their adopted vocation; harden their hands and nerves as far as could be done in port, leaving only their stomachs to be recruited to the quaffs of sea-sickness. After serving a certain number of months, according to the age and general ability or adaptation of the party, I would furnish him with a diploma or certificate not only of character, but also of his having passed through the "sea and steer" and down a royal yard." ("turn in a shanty," don't be alarmed here, this has nothing to do with the bucket), "heave the load," "pull a good 'oar," "knit and splice," "box the compass," "work a day's work," "take the sun," and "work the latitude by sun and north star," and that he is at all times ready to say, "Aye, me sir," and "go ahead!" fearlessly exposing that vagabond word *can't* from his vocabulary. Such lads as these would be wanted, the supply would not be equal to the demand, and we should gradually improve our merchant service, and in time of peace or war have a set of American seamen that would be an honor to our country.

I would have a boarding school for all those who could pay, in order to keep the ship out of debt, but I would receive the fathfulness and institute of good character free trusting to the liberality of our citizens and the patronage of the Government for support.

CALIFORNIA.—Each steamer from this modern Oracle confirms the most enthusiastic accounts of its prosperity. We are told that the miner, the merchant, and the laborer have each an opportunity of hoarding up treasures, and that wealth and prosperity is the sure reward of the industrious. Nor is this confined to empty words, as the freight list of the steamers, and the due ended pockets of the returned Californians go to attest. Gold, gold in untold quantities, abounds in the soil of California, from the tops of the highest hills to the shores of the ocean. One finds it strewed upon the surface, sparkling in the dust to which he treads; another delves long and deep before he strikes the vein that is to reward his toil and privation. All get a little of the precious ore, but all fare not alike. Fortune is there as fickle as elsewhere. Her favorites are well rewarded; but the lot of those on whom she frowns in that land of seafarness, is hard indeed. Better a thousand times to have suffered what in their own homes, than to trust to the tender mercies of men goaded on by avarice.

In looking over the accounts of the rich returns of the various mining companies, one cannot but wonder at the exhaustless treasures daily brought to light. Even in locations where the earth has been repeatedly sliced and washed, the yield appears almost as great as when the soil was first disturbed by the early miners. The quantity that will be washed this winter, is calculated at \$22,500,000. This is distinct from the large returns from the quartz mines and the crushing machines. Experiments of all kinds are tried for separating the ore from the rock, and many of the machines are grinding the ore and quartz very effectually, and where these are of sufficient strength to stand the wear the quantity of gold produced is very great.

TODAY'S *Mercury* estimates the amount of gold shipped in the next six months at \$60,000,000. Judging from recent shipments, the Cherokees brought \$2,000,000 and the great quantity of earth heaped up for washing (500,000 tons) as soon as the rainy season set in, the estimate does not appear too large. This will swell the entire sum mined in California, since the first discovery of gold to about \$200,000,000. The quantity, thus far, brought into market is not far from \$140,000,000; and of this sum less than \$90,000,000 have been deposited in the United States mint to be turned into coin. Of this (says the *Merchants' Magazine*, in a review of the money market, for December) we have nearly \$50,000,000 in coin, actually in our own country in circulation and hoarded, above the value of precious metals held here in the year 1847.

KOSUTH seems already aware that his mission to this country has failed of its object—that he is not likely to obtain either intervention, or a liberal amount of means to aid Hungary. These facts, so unexpected to him, must carry a pang to his heart. We can sympathize with him, and individually give him aid, but to embark in a war to deliver his countrymen, is more than can be required of us; and it is greatly to be regretted that Kosuth knew not the true state of the case before he crossed the ocean.

The *Express* & *Sun*, of New York, and the *Journal* of Nantucket, come to us, each in a new dress for 1852. They are all otherwise improved, and surpassing its bidders, presents a much finer appearance than ever before. The *N. Y. Shipping List*, has again been enlarged, and also appears in an entire new port. There is no paper in the Union more deserving the support of the mercantile community.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Mr. HENRY C. STEVENS was chosen Cashier. Mr. Stevens, though little more than twenty-one years of age, is well qualified to fill the post to which he has been elected. For several years he has assisted Mr. Cahoon in his duties, and by his assiduity and business talents he won the confidence and esteem of the Stockholders and Directors.

In GENEEVA, three thousand jewellers are kept constantly employed, requiring seventy five ounces of gold and fifty thousand marks of silver annually as stock for the various watches and jewels manufactured for the principal capitals of Europe.

The last number (and the second of the new volume) of the *Drawing Room Companion* is before us. Its illustrations are very fine and finely executed; and the paper on which it is printed is of the finest satin surface.

Littell's Living Age, No. 400, contains—Quakerism; Frotter's *Perils*; Revelations of a Common Place Man (continued); My Novel; Kosuth's Life, his Eloquence and political character; France; English notice of Parkman's *Pontiac*; Poetry; short articles and reviews of New Books.

A heavy shock of an earthquake was felt in this neighborhood at 7 o'clock this morning.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., of Boston, delivered the lecture before the Mechanics' Association, on Thursday evening last. The subject, as previously announced, was *Lost Arts*. The high reputation of Mr. Phillips, as a speaker, brought together a large assembly—so large that all the seats in the lower part of the house were early filled. It is pleasing to say that they were in nowise disappointed; such, at least, is our impression. If eloquence could ever repay one for an hour's attention, those who were present on Thursday evening were amply rewarded.

From the first, it was apparent that the object of the Lecture, instead of inflating yet more our self-esteem (which we all know is already overcharged) was to show that so far from creating new inventions and widely surpassing the ancients in all but the Fine Arts, we are in reality but dwarfs standing on the shoulders of giants. To illustrate this, modern literature—works of fiction—he traced to a few ancient models, and these last were received by Greek writers from the story tellers of the East. But inventions wholly of a practical nature—now believed by half the civilized world to be of recent origin—traced to ages before the Christian era. Brushing aside the names of history, he pointed to the records, carved in stone, of knowledge we would claim as our own; and with the writings of Herodotus and Strabo, on the one hand, and on the other, confirmation of their statements in the discoveries of later times in India, Central America and Egypt, he showed that the ancient of ancients were the most skillful workers in glass and metals the world has ever produced; that they possessed a knowledge of mechanics before which science of the present day folds its arms, and that even the railroad and the successful application of steam were known to the Egyptians in the days of the Pharaohs.

It is not our purpose to follow the speaker through his illustrations, as such a course would require too much of our room. The evidences he adduced are such as will stand the test, and the more thoroughly they are examined, the more we shall find that the science of to-day is built on a foundation established by the ancients. Let the invitation then go forth to all the Copernicans throughout the land to assemble themselves together upon first principles, while the power of the press will tell to the nations that the earth and sun move daily revolution round the sun, proved by the sydical period and the regular return of the eclipses exactly. At some future time, should the Copernicans take the field, I will prove to a single second for millions of years to come, by the difference of longitude between the positions of the earth and sun at every repetition of an eclipse, that the earth rolls but 10 miles, or one degree a day from west to east, while the sun makes a daily revolution once in 24 hours east to west, and overtakes the moon in its daily revolution once in 29 days, 12 hours, 43 minutes and 51 seconds, instead of 29 days, 12 hours, 43 minutes and 51 seconds. Will you give the kindness to admit this notice in your paper? We are to have the periodic revision of the ticks are published 29 days, 15 hours, 43 minutes and 51 seconds, instead of 29 days, 12 hours, 43 minutes and 51 seconds.

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For the Newport Mercury. ASTRONOMY.

Reported for the Mercury. COURT OF JUSTICES.

The Court on Tuesday the 6th formed a quorum, but adjourned without being called upon to do any business,—there being but one case on the Docket for trial, and the parties in that not being ready to meet the court which may be still pending between them. The Court adjourned to meet again according to law, and this matter will come on for adjudication on the next Court day. Mean- ing, without any reference to the merits of this case, it may be well to remind tavern-keepers, innholders, retailers or keepers of any other house or place of public resort, the same being licensed, that if they suffer any person or persons to play at certain well known games, or other games of chance, for money or other valuable considerations, within their premises, they are liable to incur a penalty of thirty dollars for each offence, and the forfeiture of their license.

Many *pros* are here given, and we solicit an inquiry from the public into all we publish, feeling assured they will find them perfectly reliable, and the medicine worthy their best confidence and patronage.

From the distinguished Professor of Chemistry and Botany, Bowdoin College.

Dear Sir: I delayed answering the receipt of your preparation, until I had an opportunity of witnessing its effects in my own family, or in the families of my friends.

This I have now done with a high degree of satisfaction, and find both of adults and children

I have found it as its ingredients show, a powerful remedy for colds, and coughs, and pulmonary diseases.

PARKER CLEVELAND, M. D.

Read the following, and see if this medicine is worth a trial. This patient had become very feeble, and the effect of the medicine was unmistakably distinct:—

UNITED STATES HOTEL, SAINT AGO SPRINGS, J.

JULY 5, 1852.

Dr. J. C. Ayer.—Sir: I have been afflicted with a painful affection of the lungs, and all the symptoms of settled consumption, for more than a year. I could find no medicine that would relieve me, until I commenced the use of your CHERRY PECTORAL, which gave me gradual relief, and enabled me to continue my studies till my health was well nigh restored.

While using your medicine, I had the gratification of curing it with my reverend friend, Mr. Truman, of Sumpter District, who had been suspended from his parochial duties by a severe attack of bronchitis.

I have pleasure in certifying these facts to you, and am, sir, yours respectfully,

J. F. CALHOUN, of South Carolina.

The following was one of the worst of cases, which the physicians and friends thought to be incurable consumption:—

CHESAPEAKE, PA., JUNE 1, 1852.

Dr. J. C. Ayer.—Sir: I was taken with a terrible cough, attended with a violent rattling in the chest, and a violent expectoration of thick, tenacious mucus, for two months past. I had lost weight, and was unable to sleep, and was confined to bed.

WILLIAM HUNTER, deceased, representing

the Estate of Mr. John Hathaway, aged 88



HOT AIR COOKING RANGE

THIS RANGE, manufactured and offered to the public at wholesale and retail by the subscriber, is a new invention, which has been brought into this or any other market; possessing as it does, qualities heretofore unobtained for compactness, convenience, economy and neatness. The *Jenny Lind* is justly celebrated as the Range; it is calculated for fire-places of every size and with the smallest quantity of Coal that will ignite, one may cook a dinner either for one, or for a regiment, so admirably are they constructed that friend will value, as a precious memorial your *Daguerreotype Minature*, if taken in Williams' *Photographic Studio*.

These Reprints have now been in successful operation in this country for twenty years, and their circulation is constantly on the increase.

The *EDINBURGH REVIEW* (Whig), THE *NORTH BRITISH REVIEW* (Free Church), THE *WESTMINSTER REVIEW* (Liberal), AND *BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE* (Tory).

These Reprints have now been in successful operation in this country for twenty years, and their circulation is constantly on the increase from American periodicals of a similar class and from numerous *Periodicals* and *Magazines* made up of selections from foreign periodicals. This fact shows clearly the high estimation in which they are held by the intelligent reading public, and affords guarantee that they are established on a firm basis, and will be continued without interruption.

Although these works are distinguished by the political bias they indicate, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. *Blackwood*, still under the maintenance of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine. The first appearing in *Blackwood's Magazine* was "The Castle" and "My New Novel," (both by Bulwer), "Peninsular Medal," "The Green Hand," and other serials, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by those publishers from the pages of *Blackwood*, after it has been issued by Messrs. Scott & Co., so that Subscribers to the Reprint of that Magazine may always rely on having the earliest reading of these fascinating tales.

JAMES H. BLISS, NEWPORT, R. I.

JAN. 1, 1852.—tf.

MOST BEAUTIFUL STOVES!

THE SUBSCRIBER having replenished his stock of Stoves, is prepared to furnish all who are in want of such fixtures with new and beautiful *Parlor*, *Office*, *all sizes*. His stoves are made with all the latest improvements, open, air tight, and cylinder stoves, great, little and small, from the highly ornamented MC GREGOR to the ORIENTAL PALLOR COOK STOVE. Besides these, he calls particular attention to the Old Bay State Stove, the unequalled old Bay State introduced by him three years ago, and acknowledged to be the best cook stove out; the *Victor Coal* Stove, which throws up any quantity of heat and burns little fuel—the May Flower, like its name, a beauty of the first water, the unparallelled *Westerly*, *Westerly*, *Champion*, *Perfection*, *Union*, *Republican* and *Empress* Stoves are all good, economical and cheap—dog cheap for cash. Every article sold at this establishment warranted to give satisfaction or the sum refunded.

WM. H. BLISS.

PREMIUM STOVES.

THE SUBSCRIBER having taken the store, No. 75, Thames Street, formerly occupied by D. Scott & Co., has now added to his friends and the public that he intends keeping an assortment of Stoves, which he will sell at a fair price and warrant to give satisfaction or the money returned.

He would call particular attention to his ROGER WILLIAMS stoves (the first introduced into Newport) which took the first premium at the Fair in Providence, this season; also the *Westerly*, *Westerly*, *Champion*, *Perfection*, *Union*, *Republican* and *Empress* Stoves, all are good, economical and cheap—dog cheap for cash. Every article sold at this establishment warranted to give satisfaction or the sum refunded.

NOV. 1.—tf.

RICHARD F. WILLIAMS.

Stoves, Grates & Cylinders

LINED AT SHORT NOTICE, with Soap Stone, or Fire-brick, at the Stove Depot, Thames street, by WM. H. BLISS.

NOV. 1.

COAL! COAL!

CUMBERLAND COAL, for family use—to burn in Stoves, Grates, &c., also for Blacksmith's use. For sale by C. DEVENS, Jr.

OCT. 5, 1850.—tf.

SHIPS' PLUMBERS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS would call the attention of the public, to their complete assortment of Furniture, such as Mahogany Sofas, Lounges, Rocking Chairs, Spring and Stuff'd-Swing Chairs, Card Tables, Cotting Tables, Lamps of Mahogany and Black Walnut; also, the newest Square Chair, Camp Extension Chair, together with an extensive assortment of common and low priced furniture, such as Bureaus, Headstands, Tables, Wash-stands, Chairs, Towel-stands, &c., &c., which they offer at the lowest prices. Please call and inquire, at our Stock and Prices.

COFFINS of Mahogany, Black Walnut, Cherry and Pine, constantly on hand and furnished at the shortest notice.

WE have procured a corps preservers, an article which has long been needed in this community, by which a corps may be kept without any change for any length of time and yet be exposed to view. It is invaluable to these losing friends and wishing to keep them for the arrival of their friends from abroad. The preserver will be taken to any house in Newport or vicinity by applying to

LANGLEY & BENNETT,

NOV. 8.—tf.

MARINE and FIRE INSURANCE.

THE American Insurance Company, Providence, R. I., continue to Insure against LOSS OR DAMAGE BY FIRE, on Cotton, Woolen, and other Manufactures, Buildings, & Merchandise and also against MARINE RISKS on favorable terms. The capital stock

\$150,000, ALL PAID IN, AND WELL INVESTED.

DIRECTORS ELECTED JUNE 9, 1847.

William Rhodes, Robert R. Stanford, Amos D. Smith, Resolved Waterman, Shubael Hutchins, Ebenezer Kelly, Nathaniel Bishop, George S. Rathbone, Caleb Harris, T. D. Bowen, Walter Humphrey, Allen O. Peck, and Samuel B. Walker.

Persons wishing for Insurance are requested to direct their applications, (which should be accompanied with a particular description of the property,) per mail, to the President or Secretary of the Company, and the same will meet with prompt attention.

Applications for Insurance may be made in Newport to George Bowen, Agent.

ALLEN O. PECK, President. WALTER HUMPHREY, Secretary. American Insurance Co's Office, June 9, 1847.

LOCKSMITH

AND—

BELL HANGER.

THE SUBSCRIBER, having taken a part of N. M. Chase's establishment, is now prepared to carry on all branches of his business as locksmith and bell-hanger. He keeps constantly on hand every variety of bells, locks, and keys, of the most approved patterns, which are furnished at the lowest rates, and all work warranted.

JOHN GLYNN,

Sept. 13.—tf.

No. 210 Thames Street.

Preserving Kettles.

A NEW LOT of those Imported Preserving Kettles, just received and for sale low by WILLIAM H. BLISS,

117 Thames Street.

Oct. 11.

Great British Quarterly, AND Blackwood's Magazine.

Important Reduction in the Rates of Postage.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

No. 54, Gold Street, New York.

Continue to publish the following British Periodicals via:

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW (Conservative).

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (Whig).

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW (Free Church).

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW (Liberal).

AND BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE (Tory).

These Reprints have now been in successful operation in this country for twenty years, and their circulation is constantly on the increase.

THE SUBSCRIBER is pleased to inform you that he has brought into this or any other market; possessing as it does, qualities heretofore unobtained for compactness, convenience, economy and neatness.

The *Jenny Lind* is justly celebrated as the Range; it is calculated for fire-places of every size and with the smallest quantity of Coal that will ignite, one may cook a dinner either for one, or for a regiment, so admirably are they constructed that friend will value, as a precious memorial your *Daguerreotype Minature*, if taken in Williams' *Photographic Studio*.

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